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THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

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It was "Whitsuntide" at the house of Michael Custis. The cows were to be driven up from the pasture and milked, the horses stabled and fed, and the firewood and kindling split for the next morning and piled in the old fashioned wood-box beside the stove.

All were busy running to and from the house, and in a great barn yard Frank Custis, a lad of sixteen, and the farmer's only son, was milking, as if his very life depended on his efforts. To say the truth, Frank was hurrying to get through before dark, so that he might go to the village Lyceum. He was to recite that night; and muttering parts of his speech to himself, and wondering if little May Willis would not be proud of him in his new jacket with bright buttons; and prouder yet, when he went by all the larger girls and asked to see her home as he intended to do, when he was startled by the harsh voice of his father at the back door of the house, exclaiming angrily—

"Frank, what ails you? I could have milked twenty cows while you have been milking those five. Come, step along here or I'll know the reason why."

The unpleasant words seemed more unpleasant than ever, when they interrupted so pleasant a train of thought, and the lad's face darkened, as he hung up his milking stool, and walked towards the house with his brimming pails.

"I do wish that father was not always so cross to me," thought he. "Mother says he loves me just the same, and that it is only his way, but I think that's a poor excuse. I'm almost sick of living here. My home is not such a home as other boys have, and if it was not for my mother and May Willis I actually believe I should

run away and go to sea, without waiting to grow up."

If Michael Custis had known what was passing through his son's mind as he entered the back door, he would have probably knocked him down. But as he could not read his heart, he allowed him to pass quietly, and went on smoking his pipe and looking up at the young moon rising in the east,—not that it was beautiful, but just because it was before him and formed a good object for his eyes to rest upon, while he reckoned up his gains and losses for the past week.

Frank carried in the milk pails, and put them on the pantry shelf so that his mother—a loving, fragile, blue-eyed woman—need not have them to lift when she strained the milk. She came and stood beside him as he turned to go away, and brushed the fair hair from his moist forehead with a look of pride and pleasure.

"You must do your best to-night, for my sake, Frank," she said freely. "I wish I could go and hear you, but father thinks it is not best. Now run up to your room and dress. You will find a candle there ready to light, and I have laid out your things on the bed, so it will not take you five minutes."

The boy gazed at her wistfully.

"Oh, mother, if father was only more like you!"

"Hush, my son. He has a great deal to try him, and you must bear with him, my boy. Now run and dress. It is almost time to go."

As the boy went bounding up the stairs, Michael Custis entered the kitchen and sat down before the open fire-place to smoke. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed before Frank returned, dressed neatly, and a wide linen collar and bow of black ribbon, and his fair hair brushed until it looked like floss silk.

"Only see the gilt buttons glisten, mother," he said delightedly. "And do you know where my cap is—my best cap, you know?"

She brought a pretty cap of dark blue broadcloth from the cupboard and set it jauntingly upon his head. Then stepping back she looked with evident admiration at the tall, slender figure and open, handsome face of her only son.

"Where are you going, Frank?" said Michael Custis, turning round from the fire.

"To the Lyceum, father."

"Well, I think the Lyceum can wait better than my corn can," was the dry reply. "Go up and take off those clothes and then come out in the barn with me."

"Father!"

The boy's lips quivered, and he struggled hard to keep back the tears.

"Frank has got to speak to-night."

Mrs. Custis hastened to say, and I think you had better let him go. I will go out with you if you only spare him this night."

"I have told the boy what I want him to do, and I don't want you to interfere at all. He has got to be so lazy and saucy lately that I haven't known what to do with him, and now a new leaf has got to be turned over. Frank, stop that whimpering and go and do as I told you. Do you hear me?"

"It's too bad, Father!" broke out

Frank, choking back his sobs and standing by his mother.

"There isn't a boy in town that does more than I do, and that is all the thanks I get for it. And I don't see why I can't go to the Lyceum. I never go anywhere else, and the corn can wait till to-morrow just as well."

"Do let him go, father!" pleaded the

soft voice of Mrs. Custis, whose heart was with her darling boy.

"Hold your tongue!" said the father

angrily. "And don't speak again till some one asks your advice. Frank are you going to mind me?"

The insult to his mother was more than

the brave young spirit could bear. And

meeting his father's heavy glance without

flinching, he said angrily,

"No, sir, I am not."

As Michael Custis came slowly towards

him, the mother uttered a faint cry and

sprang between the two.

"Don't, strike him, Michael, don't" she pleaded. "He did not mean what he said."

"Stand out of the way," said the angry man, and pushing her aside he came up to Frank, who stood pale as death, but firm and quiet.

"Don't dare to strike me," was all he said.

The next moment his father seized hold of him by the collar, and dealt him a heavy blow.

"I won't bear this," said the boy through his shut teeth, and freeing himself with a violent effort, he stood at bay and cried out:

"If you dare lay your hand on me again, I will * * *

Michael Custis looked at him with a bewildered stare. In all those years he had never heard his son utter a threat before, and to see one who had been so gentle and yielding, turn upon him so, filled him with sudden fear. He let Frank pass by him without a word, and leave the room.

Going up to his chamber half an hour later, his mother found him apparently asleep. She stooped down to kiss him, when the blue eyes unclosed, and he drew his arms around her neck.

"Dear mother, forgive me. I could not help it. Forgive me, and give your blessing."

She laid her hand upon the bright young head and blessed him solemnly, and then with a kind kiss of mutual love and forgiveness they parted.

The next morning Frank's room was vacant, and on his table lay this note, addressed to his mother:

"DEAR MOTHER.—I am going away, for I have borne all I can bear. I cannot be struck by any one. I could not tell you last night; I thought you should have one more happy sleep. Tell May Willis not to forget me. And think often of your poor wandering boy, and pray for me. I will do right and come back some day."

"Your affectionate son, FRANK."

So he was driven out in the great world, and they lost all trace of him.

Five years passed slowly away.

In all this time nothing had come of the wanderer to those he had left behind. He might be dead—he might be steeped

to his lips in sin—an outcast and a wanderer from all that was good and true—he might be tossed to and fro upon the briny ocean, or lying cold and still beneath its treacherous waves—it was all a blind and painful mystery to them. His father, grown strangely gentle and forbearing since the hand of grief had been laid so heavily upon him, mourned for the boy as one dead; but in the mother's heart he was still living. Still the handsome agile boy, with his light jacket and pretty cap—still fond, affectionate and good. And when the heavy storm came on, and the wind howled around the great farm house and rattled doors and windows, or sent great gusts of soot and smoke down the wide-mouth chimney, she always grew silent and pale, and went away to pray for one whom her vivid fancy painted as clinging to a bending mast with his fair hair flying in the breeze.

On this Christmas afternoon the sky was cold and leaden—the ground covered with new fallen snow, and the whole air thick with the coming flakes. A raw cold wind swept down over the hills and made the passengers in a stagecoach shiver and draw their wrappings closer around them. Among these was a tall, slender young man apparently about twenty years of age. His figure was strikingly elegant, his face handsome, though bronzed by long exposure to the weather, his eyes blue and pleasant, and his manner kind and courteous, though tinged with a dash of reckless good humour that bespoke the 'honest tar.' His dress was thoroughly nautical, and to judge by the expressive glances of a pair of dark eyes opposite, not unbecoming. To say the truth, the bright blue of the sailor's jacket, with its flashing buttons, the dainty-wrought shirt collar, and the loose neck tie, and heavy gold watch chain fastened by a ruby anchor, formed a very picturesque attire in the eyes of the boarding-school girl, May Willis.

As they neared the village of S—— the young sailor looked out with evident interest upon the brown farm-houses they began to pass. It was growing dusk, and the lights of the village homes began to twinkle in every home. A tear came to the young man's eye. He dashed it away, and turning to his neighbour, said pleasantly—

"One cannot help feeling glad to see home once more after a five years' absence. There is old Jacob Brown's barn—no great beauty of a building, and yet I would rather see it to-night than St. Peter's Church at Rome, because it tells me that my journey is almost done, and that I am coming into port again."

Before the gentleman could reply, the young lady opposite leaned forward and eyed him narrowly. "Can it be you, Frank Custis, come again?" she said, in a voice of mingled surprise and delight.

"That is my name," said the sailor, looking up; "but you must pardon me if I do not remember your name."

"I am May Willis."

"May! God bless you!"

In an instant he was seated by her side. And if in the tumultuous joy of meeting, he took advantage of the gathering dusk to greet her in a warmer manner, the passengers were discreet enough to hear, see, or say nothing, even as I shall do.

"And my mother, May," said Frank anxiously, as he held her hand in his and looked down in her "bonny wells of eyes."

"She is well, Frank, and when she and I are alone together, when I come home from school you know, we talk and talk of you and wonder where you can be that you don't come home. That is," she added with a smile, as she looked up in the handsome face that bent above her—"we used to talk so. But now you have come home and we shall keep you here always. On your peril do you run away again. Why, I almost cried my eyes out when I heard you had gone."

The obliging stagecoach rattled and jolted here over the road, so that no one could hear the two as they talked, and Frank bent lower over his companion as he said—

"So little May was sorry for me. Do you remember the message I left for you—not to forget me, dear May?"

"Yes, Frank."

"And you have not forgotten me—you have always thought of me kindly? You have never allowed any one to fill my place?"

"Who could?" was the faltering reply.

"May, I have always loved you as boy and man," he said in a tender voice. "Do

you think you can love your old playmate enough to be his wife?"

"Ah Frank, I have been learning to love you from the time I was six years old," was the whispered reply, "and I think I am perfect in the lesson now."

"Dear May!"

He drew her nearer, just then the coach came to a level piece of ground and the horses began to trot, while a sudden silence fell upon the lovers. May was the first to break it.

"Do you know," she said, looking up with an eager smile, though it was too dark to see the young sailor's face, "nothing could ever have happened more nicely than our meeting in the coach to-day, because I am going straight to your house. Both of your sisters are to be at home to-day, with their husbands and children, and father has had a standing invitation of a year to spend Christmas there. So it was arranged that I should stop at your house to-night and have my trunks carried down home. See, there is the Post Office," she added, as they stopped to leave the mails at a small shop in the centre of the village.

They turned down a long lane—the very lane through which the boy Frank had fled five years before, with his bundle in his hand—past his uncle's house, and the great white house which was May's home, and then the stage turned up the little hill that led to his father's gate.

"Hold on, driver!" he called out, "there is a good path, and we will walk up. We want to surprise the folks, and your stage will betray us. Take my trunks down to the hotel, and I will ride down to-morrow and get them."

He unfastened the door and sprang out, and then lifting May out as carefully as if she had been a wax doll, he gave her his arm.

"Good night and good luck," cried out the passengers and driver, who had become interested in the little domestic drama.

"Thank ye kindly, my hearties," replied the sailor frankly. "Good night to you, and pleasant dreams."

Arm in arm the two hurried up the little hill in silence. A great drift had blown up against the front yard gate. It took some active exertion to force it open, and then Frank lifted May over it and carried her to the steps. How his heart

beat as he lingered there and remembered the last time his foot pressed that stone. May lifted her hand to the latch of the door. He caught his breath and whispered hoarsely—

"Wait one moment, my darling. I want to puzzle them at first, and if I go in while I feel like this they'll surely know me. Stand here by me, and put your hand on my heart for one moment."

They lingered on the step and heard the voices of young children at play in the great East room, which had always been used for a parlour.

"Now, May," and the young sailor pushed open the hall door and stood within his father's house again. The same old fashioned reflector, that had been the wonder and pride of his boyish days, still hung beside the stairs, and by its light they laid aside their travelling garments and went toward the parlour door.

There was a glad rush and cry of "May, has come! oh, May has come!" when the door opened, and as the loving group gathered around, the sailor stood back and surveyed the scene. In the next room two stout servant girls were busily engaged in arranging a table groaning with the bounties of a good supper. In this, the fire blazed bright and high. His mother, a little thinner and paler than before, sat beside his father, looking pleasantly at May, who was kissing her parents and shaking hands with the children as eagerly as if she had been away for years.

"Wait one moment," she said, as her namesake, May Stanton, tried to pull her toward a great arm chair. "I have a companion with me—a gentleman who was kind enough to take care of me in my journey."

"Any friend of yours, dear May, is welcome," said Mrs. Custis, rising from her chair. "Will you not walk near the fire, sir?"

He came slowly. The mother's eyes filled as she saw the tasteful sailor's dress; she thought of one who was wearing it far away. And as she dashed the tears away, she did not see that all eyes were turned upon the stranger, who stood near her with a strangely troubled manner.

She looked up at last, and his fixed and steady gaze made her heart stand still. Was it—could, could it be? The face

had changed and the fair hair was darker, the glossy beard and moustache were unfamiliar, but the kind blue eyes and broad white forehead were the same.

"My son, my son, my darling Frank!"

She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him frantically; his father grasped his hand and wept like a little child. There was not a dry eye in the room, and yet all the hearts that loved him so, were filled with a deep and solemn joy, for he that had been dead, was alive again, and the lost was found. The family circle was once more complete, and they were overpowered with joy on that Christmas night.

BE GENTLE.

MEN ought to be gentle, because it is a safeguard against vice. Good life is not so easy here, that we can afford to neglect any help to goodness. On the contrary, it is no small commendation to prove concerning any possible modification of our daily life, that it tends toward betterment.

Now, vice loves noise and show. Crowds and cities are more congenial toward it than solitudes. When the devil goes about seeking whom he may devour, he avoids the meek, silent man, whose hands are full of compassion, and makes up to the careless, rough-voiced, vulgar sensualist. He well knows the difference in promise for himself, between the look of absorbed usefulness which is upon the face of the gentle man, and the "loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind" of the trifler.

Gentleness always carries with it the evidence of self-command. It is one of the sweetest blossoms upon the stalk of growth in grace, and he who looks upon a gentle man, especially if his gentleness is put to trial, and is seen to survive and triumph over little annoyances, and larger discomforts, and even severe provocations, becomes convinced that such a result can only have followed a long and rigid course of self-control. And as the man of self-control is not the man for vice, the tempter would not solicit such an one with the least anticipation of success.

Then, too, there is a pure element in the very atmosphere of gentleness, which repels evil approaches by a manifested and unmistakable uncongeniality. It is

as a shield held ever above it, covering it from all arrows of possible assault, as the old warriors marched behind their brazen bucklers in safety in the thickest of the fight. Gentleness is congenial with all goodness also. And as he who fills the measure with wheat effectually prevents it being filled with chaff, so, by drawing good men toward himself, and surrounding himself by their goodness, the gentle man unconsciously defends himself from vice—as the traveller without knowing it, escapes the robbers who would have attacked him alone, by travelling with others whose congeniality has won them to his company.

Gentleness is a singularly lovely trait. Men *sometimes* love a proud and harsh character, because it has strong points of attraction about it, which overcome all repulsion, and draw the heart into it. But men *always* love gentleness. It does not dazzle, nor weary, nor annoy in any manner, but its very quietness is as balm to the soul. The poet has said that "a low voice is an excellent thing in woman." It is so because its tones are healing and soothing—and in this rough world, with its rude daily toils and vexing conflicts, men love to be healed and soothed. It is the genuine home tone. And he who is truly gentle, carries in his aspect and inflections this sacred and soothing influence. William Penn, with meek face, and smooth voice, and quiet heart, could go fearlessly among savages who would have brained a rude and stalwart warrior with their war clubs, before he could have lifted his matchlock in defence. A dew drop can go between the joints of an armour that a battle axe cannot shatter.

Gentleness is good because it is an important aid in conferring happiness. It is universally conceded that it is every man's duty to do some good in the world—to start some grass blades in barren spots, to plant some wholesome tree shadows upon naked hill sides, to stay the stumbling, and lift up the fallen, to care for the widow and fatherless, and be a brother to all men of his race. But there is a manner of doing all this, and a manner, whether this be done or not, which is of infinite consequence to happiness, whose claims are apt to be overlooked. Nay, there are men who seem

to think that a gift is just as much a gift, and just as largely passed to the credit of the soul in its ledger of benevolence, if it be hurled petulently in the face of its recipient, as if it go with a smile and a benediction. It is not natural to all men to be benevolent, and some men never get over this unnaturalness of giving—even though they learn to give. Their money goes into the contribution box, but it goes with a spasm, as if soul and body were parting. And when one whose little all has been swindled out of his unsophisticated pocket by some of those hard men who infest the world—whose little flock of innocents are shelterless, and who lacks but the needful aid to get to the wilderness to hew out a home for himself and them—comes with his broken voice, too—there are men who will help him and do it with inward gladness, who are yet excessively careful that none of that gladness shall show through, and gleam upon the surface—who scold the poor fellow, till, in his confusion, he feels that he ought to have died at home a dozen times before presuming to intrude himself hither—till he starts for the door, so far from asking, that if he had money he would pay it for permission to depart, and who is then astonished with a gift. Now this may be “doing good,” but it is not conferring happiness. The two things are very often kept apart. Many a beneficiary has been supported for years by the really generous bestowments of a benefactor, who has yet contrived to make their whole connection and intercourse a painful one to the dependent—by awakening and keeping up in his mind such a sense of obligation, and such a panic in general, as that no joy ever accompanied the receipt of a single shilling.

Now, if it is a thing to be glad for, that a man has made a grass blade to grow upon the sand where no grass blade was—by how much more is it a good and glad thing to make a smile upon a wan cheek where grief and care have long abode in changeless gloom. If it be mercy to pluck a poor suffering beast out of a pit even upon the Sabbath day, is it not two-fold mercy to pluck suffering from the heart of humanity? “How much is a man better than a sheep?”

It is not a small thing whether human faces are cheerful and human hearts

light. Poor people sometimes say—“It matters little—we shall all get through at last”—but it does matter much. It makes all the difference between life and mere continuance—between the success or failure of probation—between joy and woe—whether day by day, or hour by hour, the heart be light or dark. Now the gentle man is preeminently a joy giver. He never occasions pain, and his very gentleness has a cheerful influence, as warm and balmy breezes in spring time throw out old chronic snow-drifts, and start the buds, and cause the grass plot to grow verdant with summer promise.

There is no common cause of pain between men, as pride, that little contemptible vanity of outshining, (as if something more were always something better,) which keeps neighbourhoods in turmoil, and gives heart-aches to the outshone. But gentleness is mortal fire to all such pride. It cares not to outdo another, but if fortune bestows upon it something denied that other, it is prompt, by sharing the gift, or depreciating it, and magnifying some special allotment of Providence to the other, to smooth the apparent discrepancy of lot, and breathe contentment over the spirit. As oil mollifies the madness of the sea, so this gentleness allays the tumult of the people. And it is never quite happy until it is happy in the reflected happiness of others.

Once more, gentleness is good because it is, in itself, a fitness for Heaven. It fits for Heaven by all those qualities at which we have already glanced. To be a safeguard against vice, to be a sweet grace of character, to confer happiness, and do good to man: surely all this is to be fitting for Heaven.

But gentleness has fitness for Heaven in what it is, as well as what it prompts. It is, itself, the record of past achievements in growth, in grace, which have been wrought with Heaven in view. Blessed are the meek—blessed the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God.

How meek and gentle soever a man's first nature may be, without provocation and under no temptation to be anything else, he cannot be meek under trial, and retain his gentleness against rude and exasperating opposition, unless he is born of God, unless the peace of God,

that passeth all understanding, keeps his heart and mind in the hour of danger. Cotton Mather used—not unfrequently—to receive abusive letters, anonymous and otherwise, of a nature peculiarly calculated to make him unhappy. He used to tie them all up in the same bundle, upon whose envelope he had written “Libels—Father, forgive them!”

You have read of the gentleness and forgiveness breathed by Dr. Priestley towards the rude rabble who burnt down his chapel, and destroyed his books and papers, the hard labour of many many years. These words of gentleness do more for the world than all these books possibly could have done.

Matthew Henry, when persecuted for his adherence to his conscientious persuasions, used to say in exposition of the remarkable equanimity and gentleness with which he was always able to endure such trials—“How pleasant it is to have the bird in the bosom sing sweetly.”

We cannot imagine a proud angel—unfallen. We cannot imagine the spirit of a just man made perfect, coarse voiced, and cold. All our conceptions of heaven, in the light of the Apocalypse, are of scenes of celestial tenderness, from which all rude tones and phlegmatic hearts are banished. Gentleness suggests the very key note of Heaven, and we cannot help feeling that the spirit of the meek and gentle—the warm-hearted yet quiet ones, who have done more than they have said, will need least transmutation to fit them for the companionship of the blessed. “The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.”

The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men—his enemies, his erring friends, to those who misunderstand him and misrepresent him, not less than to those who read correctly the type and story of his life.

“Speak gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.”

“Speak gently to the erring ones,
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so—
Oh! win them back again!”

MISTAKEN VIEWS OF RELIGION.

“ONE cause which impedes the reception of religion, even among the well-disposed, is that garment of sadness in which people delight to suppose her dressed; and that life of hard, pining abstinence which they pretend she enjoins on her disciples. And it were well if this were only the misrepresentation of her declared enemies; but, unhappily, it is the too frequent misconception of her injudicious friends. But such an overcharged picture is not more unamiable, than it is unlike; for I will venture to affirm that religion, with all her beautiful and becoming sanctity, imposes fewer sacrifices, not only of rational, but of pleasurable enjoyments, than the uncontrolled dominion of any vice. Her service is not only perfect safety but perfect freedom.”

She is not so tyrannical as passion; so exacting as the world, nor so despotic as fashion. Let us try the case by a parallel, and examine it, not as effecting our virtue, but our pleasure. Does religion forbid the cheerful enjoyments of life, as rigorously as avarice forbids them? Does she require such sacrifices of our ease as ambition, or such renunciation of our quiet as pride? Does devotion murder sleep like dissipation? Does she destroy health like intemperance? Does she annihilate fortune like gambling? Does she embitter life like discord? Does religion impose more vigilance than suspicion, or half as many mortifications as vanity? Vice has her martyrs; and the most austere ascetic (who mistakes the genius of Christianity almost as her enemy) never tormented himself with such cruel and causeless severity, as that with which envy lacerates her unhappy votaries. Worldly honour obliges thus to be at the trouble of resenting injuries; but religion spares us that inconvenience, by commanding us to forgive them, and by this injunction, consults our happiness, no less than our virtue; for the torment of constantly hating any, must be at least equal to the sin of it. If this estimate be fairly made, then is the balance clearly on the side of religion, even in the article of pleasure. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

THROUGH eighteen centuries this important event, *the death of our Saviour*, has been commemorated by nearly all who profess to believe the record which is given us of the birth, life, death, and resurrection of the Son of God; not that they are only commanded to do so, but from the emotions of the heart and the remembrances which linger around Calvary, where was offered the purest life of which heaven or earth testifies. Few are they who die unremembered, however limited their sphere of action, or the number benefitted directly by their labours. The wider the sphere of action, the greater the number blessed by the departed, while living, or through them as instruments though dead, the more general is the death remembered and the event commemorated.

What is termed the Lord's Supper, or Communion Service, is instituted in commemoration of the death of the Saviour of the world, which event, connected with the circumstances attending it and the resurrection, sealed the record and truthfulness of his mission. Who can more appropriately unite in the communion services than Unitarians? We believe that the "Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world;" and when he said, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do," we believe the means were instituted by which he will *prove* to be "the Saviour of the world." His mission was to all people, and his commission expires only with the voluntary submission of the last enemy of our God, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God the Father, that he may be all in all. As to how often this rite shall be attended, we have no prescription. Some mingle around the communion table every Sabbath, others monthly, others quarterly, while others yearly; and we believe no man has any right to determine the times only for himself,—and each Church, being individual, can determine for itself. But Jesus says,—as often as ye do it, let it be "in remembrance of me."

By whom, then, should the Lord's Supper be observed? We think, by all who in heart acknowledge Jesus as the Son of God and the Saviour of men, who cherish gratitude and love to him, and

who sincerely desire to follow his example, and to be in heart and life his disciples; by all who have chosen the path of life, though the trembling steps may have just begun to tread the narrow way; by all whose faces are turned heavenward, though the lights from the celestial city may be but dimly discerned amid the conflicts of sense and the shadows of earth. It is *not* an expression of attainment in goodness, but of the simple, sincere desire to be like Christ.

To all such, it freely offers its glad invitation, and the Master himself, now and ever presiding at the feast, utters his gentle, loving words of entreaty, "Who-soever will, let him freely come."

It is not regarded as the seal of perfection, but as a precious means of cherishing the very love and gratitude it expresses; the compliance with the dying request of Him whose whole life was a sacrifice for man.

Vaticum, provision by the way, was the name often applied to it, and expressed its true meaning; for not for the victors in the field was the banquet first spread, but for those still striving in the combat, weak, frail, sinful, yet loving their Master, and cherishing his promise of abiding ever with them, as the highest of blessings. In fine, were the Saviour visibly present, and to invite all who loved and remembered him, and who sincerely desired to follow him, to come and partake of the sacred emblems of his dying sacrifice,—whoever would feel himself included in *such* an invitation, and would gladly approach the altar at *his* bidding, let him never turn away, for it is the Lord's table, not man's; and fitness for the service must be decided between the individual's own conscience and his Maker.

If the choice of Christ as the guide and master of the soul has been made, if there is any love to him, and the wish to love him more truly,—then let the feeblest and the youngest come, and find strength, and health and encouragement; let manhood and womanhood come, and sanctify their active powers by a devout self consecration; let the aged come and refresh their weary steps from his overflowing love and tenderness; let the glad and happy come, and pour their full cup of blessing as a thank-offering at his

altar; let the sorrowing come, to find sympathy on the bosom of Eternal Love, and the bereaved to point his hand anew to the many mansions in the Father's house, and to hear those tender accents, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Let all who will, freely come and participate in those holy influences that come to us through the conscious sympathy and union with the pure and holy of all ages and all climes, with devoted soldiers of the cross and servants of the Lord.

The following are a few of the pleas urged by some for refusing to commune in this service, let us examine them:

"A man can be as good a Christian outside of the church as in it."

If so why did Christ found the Church? Why did He make confession before men as obligatory as faith towards God? Can that man be so good Christian, who disobeys Christ? And has he not enjoined a duty, which can be performed only within the church? And, if you have never been in the church, can you be a good judge of this question? But God has not left it an open question. He has required you to confess Christ before men in this very way. Can you then be so good a Christian, and disobey this command?

"I have no faith or obedience."

But are you not bound to believe and obey? And can the failure in these duties excuse the failure in that one? Has not God offered you the grace needful to enable you to believe and obey? And can you plead your neglect of God's offer as a plea for neglecting Christ's command? Is not this simply an aggravation of your guilt, rather than an extenuation of it?

"I am not certain that I am a Christian."

You are not asked to profess this fact, but simply to confess your faith in Christ, your sincere repentance of all your sins, and your solemn determination, by the grace of God, to take up your cross and follow Christ. Are you ready to do this? If not, is not the particular in which you are not, a sin.

"I am unworthy to come to the Lord's table."

But are you not unworthy to pray, to sing, to read the Bible, to hear the Gospel? Are you not unworthy to live on God's earth and breathe God's air and enjoy God's bounties? and does this unworthiness prevent you from enjoying these privileges and attempting these duties? Why make this duty of confessing Christ and communing an exception?

"I am afraid I will bring reproach on the cause of Christ."

If you really are alive to the welfare of Christ's cause, why not look at your present relation to it? Does not that injure it? Has not Christ said, "He that is not with me, is against me?" And is not your example urged against the cause of Christ, as far as it has weight? You may be moral, upright, and blameless, but this very fact makes your example more potent in proving that Christ's institutions and commands are superfluous, in the estimate of the unbelieving. Your morality is placed to the credit of the world and the enemies of Christ, and used as a reproach against the church. Ungodly men point to you as a proof that there is more good out of the church than in it. Are you not then even now bringing reproach on that cause?

"I cannot discharge the duties of a Christian profession."

Have you ever tried? How do you know then, until you try? Is it not better to try and fail, than to fail without trying? Is it not nobler to enter the battle field and fall, than to be afraid to go on the field? But you do not go to warfare on your own charges, or contend in your own strength. God's grace is sufficient for you, and His strength made perfect in weakness. That strength, however, is not promised before duty, but in it. How can you then get it, if you never try to do the duty? And if you are weak now, when will you ever be stronger? Will you be nearer God the farther you wander from Him? Will your strength grow by weakening it in sin? Will you be better able when you have quenched the spirit?

"But there are false professors enough."

You are not asked to be a false professor, but a true one; and the more false ones there are, the more necessity does their exist for true ones.

"I am not good enough."

And who is? And are you good enough to attempt every other duty? Why then make this an exception?

"I do not feel worthy of this privilege."

If you did you would probably be unworthy. Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; not to spread a feast for the full, but for the hungry.

"There is a peculiar guilt in unworthy communicating."

But is there not peculiar guilt in refusing to commune? And who can assure you that the one is less than the other? Who can assure you that it is a smaller crime to neglect a duty wholly, than to try to perform it and fail?

"I may eat and drink damnation to myself."

So you will by refusing to eat and drink. The damnation (or condemnation) is the same in one case as it is in the other, only in trying to do your duty you may escape it; in refusing to try, you make it certain. Then why are you not a communicant? Why are you not a real and professed member of the Christian church?

EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

A TALE OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

THE long reign of winter was past, and a milder sun had revisited the earth. The scene was inviting, and I had quit, for an hour, the bustle of a town, to admire the beautiful of the works of God, as unfolded in the works of nature. Having escaped from the hum of business in which I was accustomed to act, I ascended a little eminence, that I might gain a fairer view of the scenery around. The earth was clothed with beauty, the air was filled with the music of happy beings, and the ocean bore upon its bosom the treasures of successful commerce. All things seemed to speak the beneficence of a sublimer Being, and I wondered, if, with such innumerable

proofs of his goodness above, around, beneath, and within them, any of his children could knowingly violate his commands.

At this moment my attention was arrested by observing two men at a distance; the one apparently lifeless upon the ground, and the other endeavouring in vain to convey him to a dwelling not far remote. He raised the powerless body from the earth; removed it a few paces toward the dwelling, but could proceed no further. He placed it again upon the ground, and seated himself by its side, as if determined not to forsake it. With mingled emotions of sympathy and curiosity, I hastened to the spot. Judge what was my surprise, and pity, and disgust, when I found a man in the vigour of life, waylaid and spoiled by that treacherous assassin, Intemperance! and a mere youth at his side, attempting in vain to screen his infamy from the eye of the world! I asked the lad, for his countenance beamed with intelligence, what motives induced him to manifest such kindness to one who had well-nigh forfeited his claim to our compassion. "Alas," said he, "*It is my father!*" and the tears rolled down his cheek. I now perceived I had expressed myself incautiously, and endeavoured to heal the wound which I seemed to have inflicted. "I know," said the youth, "he has forfeited his claim to the compassion of others, but not to mine. He has ruined his reputation, his family, and I fear, his never dying soul—but how can I sunder the strong ties of nature? How can I forget the author of my being and the protector of my infant years?" I commended the warmth of his affection; but secretly admired that it should continue unabated, when the object on which it rested was become so woefully changed. "Sir," said the youth, as if discerning the tenour of my thoughts, "have you a father?" I replied that I had. "Forgive me if I make the supposition that, in the providence of God, you are called to look upon his lifeless clay! Suppose, even, that his death had been hastened by crime! would you on that account refuse him the last acts of kindness?" I answered that every feeling of my nature would revolt at the thought of it. "Then," said he, "you are prepared to appreciate the motives which actuate me:

I look upon my father as dead! True he breathes, and the blood circulates in his veins; but is this all that constitutes human life? Where is the eye that once beamed so affectionately upon me? it is closed. Where are the strength and activity of manhood? they are fled. Address him, he hears not, answers not. Handle him, he perceives it not. But for me, the vulture might feast on his mangled limbs, and the very swine trample on his once noble image. And yet, I replied, the death of which you speak is not like the dissolution of soul and body,—final and irrevocable. He will soon revive. “Alas!” exclaimed the youth, “had you once seen him returning into life covered with the horrors of his own corruption, had you heard his midnight groans, and witnessed the gnawings of remorse within him; had you seen him struggling to reform, and at last seizing the oblivious cup, as the only refuge from despair; you would not, you could not have mentioned this frightful reanimation, as an alleviation of his condition. It is this very state from which he shrinks as an insupportable burden. No, it is nothing to be quietly laid in the grave with the common guilt of men, compared with the endless succession of assassinations which he inflicts upon his own body, and the final catastrophe to which they inevitably lead. He dies a thousand deaths; and each prepares him for a darker, and still darker abode, in the world, of perdition. Oh, my father! my father!”

The scene had now become painful to my feelings, and I wished to retire. But how could I forsake this affectionate youth, while discharging with such emotion the duties of filial piety? I offered him my assistance, and we conveyed the miserable victim of intemperance to his dwelling. And here the fountains of my compassion were opened anew. An interesting group of children, and a disconsolate wife mourned over their sorrows with all the emphasis of grief, and refused to be comforted. I wished to administer the consolations afforded by the gospel to those who innocently suffer; but my sympathies were overpowered, and I withdrew, overwhelmed with a sense of the cruelty, the guilt, the deadly and irreparable mischief of **INTEMPERANCE**.

“How true! its march of ruin is onward

still! “It reaches abroad to others, invades the family and social circle—and spreads woe and sorrow all around. It cuts down youth in its vigor—manhood in its strength—and age in its weakness. It breaks the father’s heart—bereaves the doting mother—extinguishes natural affection—blots out filial attachment—blights parental hope—brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes the wives widows—children orphans—fathers fiends—and all of them paupers and beggars. It hails fevers—feeds rheumatisms—nurses gouts—welcomes epidemics—invites cholera—imparts pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills your jails—supplies your almshouses—and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies—fosters quarrels—and cherishes riots. It condemns law—spurns order—and loves mobs. It crowds your Penitentiaries, and furnishes victims for your scaffolds. It is the life blood of the gambler; the aliment of the counterfeiter; the prop of the highwayman; and the support of the midnight incendiary.

“It countenances the liar; respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud; and honours infamy. It defames benevolence; hates love; scorns virtue; and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his offspring; helps the husband to massacre his wife; and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man; consumes woman; detests life; curses God and despises Heaven.

“It suborns witnesses; nurses perjury; defiles the jury box; and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes; disqualifies voters; corrupts elections; pollutes our institutions; and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen; debases the legislator; dishonours the statesman; and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honour; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And now, with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its desolations, and insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity; kills peace; ruins morals; blights confidence; slays reputation; and wipes out national honour; then curses the world; and smiles at its ruins.”

ONE HUNDRED THOUGHTS AND FACTS ON THE TRINITY,

SCRIPTURAL, RATIONAL, AND HISTORICAL,
Addressed to Trinitarians for their calm and serious
consideration.

The doctrine of a Triune-Deity is the basis of Trinitarian theology: whereas in no part of Holy Scripture occur the phrases *Trinity*, *Triune-Deity*, *Three in One*, *One in Three*; *Father, Son*, and *Holy Ghost* are one God.

The most strict *Oneness* of God is clearly taught in every portion of Scripture: that, "There is but **ONE GOD**," "That **GOD IS ONE**." The first of all the commandments is, *Hear, O Israel, Jehovah is One*," "The Holy, Lofly, Mighty *One*," is the current language of the Bible.

The word *Jehovah* occurs several thousands of times in the Bible, and always of *one* and the same Intelligence. In the New Testament the word *God* is applied upwards of thirteen hundred times to a Being distinct from Jesus Christ. Twenty times is God called, "the God of Jesus Christ," and sixty-eight times the Father of Jesus Christ.

That the whole evidence really adduced from Scripture for the Trinitarian hypothesis, are only a few passages. Themost eminent Trinitarian theologians confess the smallness of scriptural evidence for this doctrine; and also concede the utter absence from the Bible of the words and terms by which this doctrine is commonly expressed in the churches.

Dr. Hooker, a Trinitarian, says, "Our belief in the Trinity, the co-eternity of the Son of God with his Father, the proceeding of the Spirit from the Father and the Son, these, with such other principal points, are in Scripture nowhere to be found, by express literal mention."

Ma-in Luther, a Trinitarian, says, "The word Trinity is never found in the divine records, but is only of human invention, and therefore sounds altogether frigidly. Far better would it be to say *God*, than *Trinity*."

John Calvin, a Trinitarian, says, "I dislike this vulgar prayer, 'Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy upon us,' as savouring of barbarism. We repudiate such expressions as being not only insipid but profane."

The fundamental principles of the Christian religion, are all made clear in the Holy Scriptures, in numerous passages, and expressed in language which needs no alteration. This cannot be said of the doctrine of the Trinity.

Dr. Dwight, a Trinitarian, says, "The language of Scripture is the language of common sense; the plain, artless language of nature."—Why do the churches depart then from Scriptural language? is a question, worthy of consideration.

Robert Hull, a Trinitarian, says, "Of what is essential to salvation, it is not difficult to judge. The quiet of the conscience requires, that the information on this subject should be clear and precise."—There is no clear and precise revelation on the doctrine of the Trinity. Its advocates concede,

That the Father is God Almighty, the Son God Almighty, and the Holy Ghost God Almighty, and this to be understood of each distinctly, and then to say, "these are not three Almighties, but one Almighty," is self-contradictory in its very statement.

Archbishop Tillotson, a Trinitarian, says, "God never offers anything to any man's belief, that plainly contradicts the natural and essential notions of his mind, because this would be for God to destroy his own workmanship."

Dr. South, a Trinitarian, says, "That any one should be both Father and Son to the same person,

produce himself, be cause and effect too, seems at first sight so very strange and unaccountable, that, were it not to be adored as a mystery, it would be exploded as a contradiction."

"The phrase *Eternal Son*," says *Dr. Adam Clarke*, a Trinitarian, "is a positive self-contradiction. *Eternity* is that which has had no beginning, nor stands in any reference to time. *Son* supposes time, generation, and father; and time also antecedent to such generation."

All artistic illustrations of the Trinity, used to defend and explain it, are but the union of finite things, which are possible, and so bear no analogy to the supposed union of three *Almighty, Infinite, Co-eternal* Beings, which are impossible.

Dr. Hey, a Trinitarian, says, on the Trinity, "My understanding is involved in perplexity, my conceptions bewildered in the thickest darkness. I profess and proclaim my confusion in the most unequivocal manner."

Dr. Adam Clarke says, "The doctrine which cannot stand the test of rational investigation cannot be true. We have gone too far when we have said, such and such doctrines should not be subjected to rational investigation; being doctrines of pure revelation."

Archbishop Secker, a Trinitarian, says, "Indeed let any proposition be delivered to us, as coming from God, or from man, we can believe it no further than we understand it: and, therefore, if we do not understand it all, we cannot believe it at all."

The most learned and eminent Trinitarians have conceded "*The Trinity is not found in the plain teaching of Scripture*," "*It contradicts our reason*," "*And from the principles of nature it cannot be made known to us*." Scripture, Reason, and Nature speak not of it.

For many ages the Jewish nation was the repository of divine revelation: favoured with inspired teachers who spoke of God, his worship, and commandments: yet the Jews, in no period of their history, ever believed in the Trinity.

On this command "The Lord our God is **ONE**" they have always laid great stress. It is one of the four passages written on their phylacteries, and repeated by them at their morning and evening prayers.

The Jews held the same view of the *oneness* of God during the days of Christ, as they had done previously, and hold at this day. Jesus Christ never reproved but confirmed them in this belief.

No historian of any credit, Jewish or Christian, can point to a time or influences which changed the Jewish faith from a Trinitarian to a Unitarian belief in God.

Bishop Beveridge, a Trinitarian, says, "The Jews have had the law above three thousand years, and the prophets, above two thousand years, yet to this day they could never make, the Trinity, an article of their faith."

Bishop Bloomfield, a Trinitarian, says, in reference to some who hold that the Jews once believed in the Trinity.—"I confess that I am not prepared to go to the full length of these positions. I think it in the highest degree probable that the Jews expected a Messiah who would be a sharer in the divine nature, but not one who should be equal with God."

Dr. Campbell, a Trinitarian, says, "The general belief of the Jews was, that the Messiah would be a much greater man than David, a mighty conqueror, and even a universal monarch, the sovereign of the kings of the earth, who was to subdue all nations, and render them tributary to the chosen people: yet they still supposed him to be a mere man."

Dr. Burton, a Trinitarian, says of those who hold the Jews once believed in the Trinity, "He looked upon it as unfortunate, that they should have quoted cabalistic forgeries to support this position."

Archbishop Lawrence, a Trinitarian, says, "Indeed if the argument (for the Jewish belief in the Trinity) has any force at all, it is calculated to prove more than its advocates wish; for it goes to demonstrate, that the Jews believed in ten, not in three personal emanations of Deity."

The Jews are unquestionably Unitarian in their belief in God now, they have *always been so* is the affirmation of every candid and able divine and ecclesiastical historian; they were so in the days of Christ: Christ never reprov'd but strengthened them in this belief.

The Jews never brought against Christ or his apostles, the charge of teaching any doctrine contrary to the Jewish church on the oneness of God. The first Christians and the Jews were at one on this matter, as the Unitarians and the Jews are at this day.

No Jewish writer of the first or second century charges the Christian church with belief in the Trinity. From the fourth century to the present the Jews have ever charged the Christians with belief in more Gods than one.

During the first centuries of the Christian era, Jews were the leading apostles, martyrs, and confessors of Christianity: after the adoption of the Trinity they ceased to espouse the cause of Christianity altogether. The history of the Christian church, the first four centuries, affords abundant evidence of the change, from the Unitarian to the Trinitarian faith.

The word "TRINITY," was first made use of A.D. 180, by Theophilus, bishop of Antioch. He said, "That the three days which preceded the creation of the heavenly bodies represented the sacred mystery of the Trinity."—The illustration seems to us very pointless.

The first treatise was written against the Unitarian Faith by CAIUS OF ROME, A.D. 185. He censures their opinion of the "simple humanity of Christ" as novel. The writer admits that the Unitarians held their views were apostolic. The treatise is called the "*Little Labyrinth*."

The three creeds: the *Apostles Creed*, a simple Unitarian creed; the *Nicene Creed*, a semi-trinitarian creed; the *Athanasian Creed*, a complete exposition of the Trinitarian faith; truly mark the stages of belief of the first centuries of the Christian church.

It is universally acknowledged that the Apostles Creed was the faith of apostolic times; the Nicene Creed was not received until A.D. 325; and the Athanasian Creed at a much later date.

The Nicene Creed affords evidence of the corruption of christianity; and after its adoption, a vast amount of error and superstition, unknown to primitive times, arose in the church.

Waddington, a Trinitarian, says, "The Athanasian Creed is commonly attributed to Vigilius Tapsensis, who lived at the end of the fifth century. The writer whoever he was forged the name of Athanasius to give it currency and credit."

The Athanasian Creed is the clearest definition of the Trinity, and the most perfect burlesque on scripture, reason, common sense, and charity ever penned. Archbishop Tillotson "wished the church well rid of it."

Dr. Mosheim, a Trinitarian, says, of the first two centuries of christianity, "The christian system as it was hitherto taught, preserved its native and beautiful simplicity, and was comprehended in a small number of articles. The public teachers inculcating no other doctrines than those taught in the Apostles Creed."

Dr. Hind, late Bishop of Norwich, says, "That while for so many centuries of all the christian doctrines, that of a trinity in unity has been considered the most obscure and mysterious; in the writings of the apostles there is no trace of any scruple which it created. It seems to have called for no explanation, and it is not even spoken of as a mystery."—It is a matter of fact, it was never spoken of at all; this solves the difficulty.

Dr. Mosheim says, during the first three centuries of the Christian church, "Nothing was dictated to the faith of Christians in this matter; nor were there any modes of expression prescribed, or requisite to be used in speaking of this mystery—the Trinity."

Mosheim says, "There is not the least trace of church councils before the middle of the second century, and that these councils changed the face of the church, and took away the privileges of the people." Augustine says, "That the yoke under which the Jews formerly groaned, was more tolerable, than that imposed upon christians by these councils."

In reference to the Council of Nice, the first Trinitarian council, *Mosheim* says little for the men who composed it. "There was so little order, precision, or light, in their discourses, that they appeared to substitute THREE Gods instead of ONE."

"The Council of Constantinople A.D. 381," (mark the words of the Trinitarian historian, *Mosheim*) "gave the FINISHING TOUCH to what the Council of Nice had left imperfect of THREE persons in one God: and they branded with infamy all errors, and set a mark of execration upon all heresies."

It was not until A.D. 529, it was ordered to be sung in churches, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and the Holy Ghost, &c., &c."

Dr. Cudworth, a Trinitarian, says, "The doctrine of a trinity of three persons numerically the same, or having all one and the same singular and existent essence, was consummated by the Lateran Council A.D. 1215."

There is the most indisputable evidence that the "doctrine of the Trinity" was introduced into the Christian church in the second century, by learned Platonists. The common people had not access to the Scriptures; or philosophy (falsely so called) would have been confounded by the plain statements of divine revelation.

The corruption of Christianity by false philosophy is not a solitary instance of ancient learning and ability on the side of error. Pythagoras taught the true system of Astronomy upwards of 2,000 years ago.—The power and learning of Aristotle and his followers, suppressed the true doctrine of the sun and planets, until recently revived by Copernicus, and demonstrated by Sir Isaac Newton.

Plato, a Greek philosopher, lived Before Christ, 350. He was in general a wise and good man: he had many disciples in the east for many hundreds of years, who had much influence in Greece and Egypt. He taught his disciples a *Trinity of Persons* in the Godhead.

Plato taught that in the Godhead was first "To Agathon," the supreme good; the second, "Logos or Nous," the mind or intellect; the third, "Psyche," the soul. This was the Trinity of Plato, and found in his writings only.

Plato taught that the second person was generated from the first, and the third was dependent on the first and second: and yet all three are one co-essential, co-eternal Divinity. Gibbon, the Roman historian, says, "That the Athenian sage, Plato, had marvellously anticipated one of the most surprising discoveries of the Christian revelation."

Platonic philosophers espoused Christianity and

mixed with the simple teaching of Jesus Christ the teaching of their master Plato. Thus Christianity became corrupted by Gentile philosophy.

Mosheim says, "That learning and philosophy gained the ascendancy.....and it is certain that human learning and philosophy, have in all times pretended to *modify* the doctrines of Christianity, and that these pretensions have extended further than belongs to the province of philosophy on the one hand, or is consistent with the purity and simplicity of the gospel in the other."

Bishop Horsley, the champion of Trinitarianism, concedes, "Platonic converts to Christianity applied the principles of their old philosophy to the explication and confirmation of the articles of their faith. They defended it by arguments drawn from Platonic principles, and even propounded it in Platonic language."

Justin Martyr was the first platonising father of the church, after his time many of these philosophers turned Christians.—Austin says, "I belonged to the Ebionites (they were Unitarian Christians) until I read the works of Plato, and from that time I believed in the doctrine (the Platonic doctrine) of the Logos."—At Alexandria, existed the most famous school of Platonists: Athanasius was Bishop at Alexandria, and an ardent admirer of Plato. He used to tell the Arians to go to school to the Platonists and learn the Trinity.

St. Augustine in his Confessions states, "He was in dark about the matter (Trinity) until he found the doctrine in a Latin translation of some Platonic writings, which the providence of God had thrown in his way."

The Jewish Christians were not familiarised with the writings of Plato, and were firm upholders of the Unitarian doctrine of the Godhead as delivered by Moses, Christ, and his Apostles, while the Gentile Christians were fast becoming Trinitarians through Platonism.

The principal Unitarian Christians who wrote against the Platonising Christians of the third and fourth centuries: Artemon, Beryllus, Theodotus, Arius, Photinus, and others, always contended that they held the Apostolic doctrine, and that the philosophers were corrupting Christianity. The common people were always on their side.

Unitarians can prove from the testimony of Trinitarian historians, that the first centuries of the Christian church were Unitarian; and that only by cruel persecution was the light of Unitarianism for a time put out.

Mosheim says, "That the greatest part of the writings of those that were branded with heresy have not reached our times.....most unfair representations have been given of their opinions."—The translator of Mosheim says, "The Arian history needs yet a pen, guided by integrity and candour, and unbiassed by affection or hatred."

The Jewish Christians were divided into two sects, Nazareans and Ebionites. Ecclesiastical historians almost universally concede that these Christians knew nothing of the Trinity. The Ebionites were at an early date placed on the register of heretics. They did not believe in the miraculous conception. The Nazareans, who were Unitarian Christians, were never counted among the heretics of the first three centuries. Epiphanius a writer of the fourth century, Mosheim says, was the first that branded them as heretics.

Hegesippus, a Jewish Christian and Historian, A.D. 150, wrote the history of the church from the time of the Apostles to his own time. He never mentions the Nazareans or Ebionites as heretics, although he wrote a work on heresies.

Eusebius wrote the history of the church up to his time, A.D. 320. Valerius the translator of

Eusebius says, The history of Hegesippus was neglected because it favoured the Unitarians.

Hegesippus, travelled to Rome about A.D. 150, and says of his journey among the churches, "All the churches were holding the true faith," Hegesippus being a Jew, the true faith, would be, the Unitarian faith, and all the churches were Unitarian A.D. 150.

Although the principal christian teachers, called the orthodox fathers, of the second and third centuries, under powerful platonic influences, introduced into the christian system, the doctrine of the trinity, and the deity of Christ; they knew nothing of the doctrines of the Athanasian creed, or the complete equality of the three persons in the Godhead.

Clement of Rome, writes, A.D. 96, "The Apostles preached the gospels to us from the Lord Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ from God; Christ therefore was sent out by God and the Apostles by Christ."

Justin Martyr, writes, A.D. 140, "He who appeared to Abraham, Jacob and Moses, and called God, is different from the God who made all things, numerically different, but the same in will."

Clement of Alexandria, writes, A.D. 194, "There is One Unbegotten Almighty Father, and one first begotten—One is truly God who made the Son."

Irenaeus, writes, A.D. 172, "All the Evangelists have delivered to us the doctrine of One God, and one Christ the Son of God: Invoking the Father, he calls him the only true God."

Tertullian, writes, A.D. 200 "That God was not always a Father or a Judge; since he could not be a Father before he had a Son, nor a Judge before there was Sin: and there was a time when both Sin, and the Son, were not."

Athenagoras, who wrote at the close of the 2nd century, calls Christ the first production of the Father; but says he was not always actually produced.

Arnobius writes, A.D. 220, Christ a God under the form of a man, speaking by the order of the principal God—At length did God Almighty the only God send Jesus Christ."

Eusebius of Cesarea, writes, A.D. 315, "The only begotten Son of God and first born of every creature, teaches us to call his Father, the only true God, and commands us to worship the Father only."

Eusebius, the historian, writes, A.D. 320, "There is One God and the only begotten comes from him."

....."Christ being neither the supreme God, nor an angel, he is of a middle nature between them: and being neither the supreme God nor a man, but a Mediator is in the middle between them."..... "Christ teaches us to call his Father the true God, and to worship him."

Lactantius, writes, A.D. 320, "Christ taught that there is one God, and that he alone ought to be worshipped; neither did he ever call himself God; because he would not have been true to his trust, if, being sent to take away Gods and assert one he had introduced another beside that one."

Whiston, well read in Christian Antiquity, asserts, "That Athanasius seems never to have heard of the opinion of Christ having any other soul than his divinity." It was at the council of Chalcedon, A.D. 451, it was agreed, "That in Christ there are two distinct natures united in one person."

The doctrine of the personality and deity, of the Holy Ghost, as one of the Oxford tracts, admits, is nowhere stated in the Scripture; is a mere tradition of the Church.

Macedonius, Bishop of Constantinople, fourth century, declared the Holy Ghost to be a divine energy, diffused throughout the universe.

Origen thought the Holy Ghost a creature of

the Son, and said, "The Saviour and Holy Ghost, are more exalted by the Father, than Christ and the Holy Spirit excel other things."

Novatian held, A.D. 250, "That Jesus Christ was greater than the Holy Spirit." *Justin Martyr* held, "The Holy Ghost and the Son came from God, and a host of other good angels."

Tertullian confounds the Spirit with the Word, and calls the Spirit a THIRD after God. *Origen* thinks the Spirit was created by the Son. The early orthodox fathers had no idea of the present doctrine that all three are "co-essential, co-equal and co-eternal."

It was necessary, to complete the doctrine of the Trinity, "three persons in one God," to enforce the Personality and Deity of the Holy Ghost, and, thus in time this doctrine became established.

Mosheim writes, "The subject of this fatal controversy which kindled such deplorable divisions throughout the christian world, was the doctrine of THREE PERSONS IN THE GODHEAD; a doctrine which in the three preceding centuries had happily escaped the vain curiosity of human researches; and had been left UNDEFINED AND UNDETERMINED by any particular set of ideas."

The corruption of christianity from the Unitarian to the Trinitarian belief, during the third, fourth, and fifth centuries, was not effected without the protest of the people, and most violent disputes among the clergy of that time.

They, the platonising fathers, were charged with holding belief in more than one God; to which *Tertullian* replies, "When the Father and the Son are named together, I call the Father God, and Jesus Christ Lord."

Origen writes, A.D. 220, "We may by this means solve the doubts which terrify many men who pretend to great piety, and who are afraid of making two Gods. We must tell them, he who is God of himself is the God, even as our Saviour affirms in his prayer to his Father, 'That they may know thee, THE ONLY TRUE GOD.' We must not pray to any created being, not to Christ himself, but only to God the Father of all, to whom our Saviour himself prayed."

Tertullian writes, "The simple, ignorant, and unlearned, who are always the greater body of christians, will have it that we are worshippers of two and even of three Gods, but that they are the worshippers of One God."

Origen is more abusive, and writes, "It grieves those who stand up for the holy faith, that the multitude, especially those of low understanding, should be infected with those blasphemies. Things that are sublime and difficult are not to be apprehended except by faith, and ignorant people must fall, if they cannot be persuaded to rest in faith, and avoid curious questions."

Epiphanius writes, A.D. 350, that the short plain argument of the mass of the people in his time, was, "Well friend, what doctrine now, shall we acknowledge one God or three Gods." No Trinitarian liturgies being then in use they could conscientiously worship together.

Pacundus, a Trinitarian, calls the Unitarians, then the "Grex Fidelium" "The common herd or great mass of believers" of whom he says, "They were imperfect in the faith, resembling the whole christian church, in the time of our Saviour."

Chillingworth, writes, "Time has been, when the struggle was, the world against Athanasius, and he against the world, Athanasius had to write a book, so many of the church were against him, to prove that numbers were not to be regarded as a test of truth." Trinitarians in those days had to say, "The Arians have the people, but we have the faith."

During fifty six years from the council of Nice A.D. 325, to the council of Constantinople, A.D. 381, Unitarianism had the ascendancy forty one years, and Trinitarianism fifteen years. The council of Nice banished Arius, but the council of Tyre, A.D. 335, banished Athanasius and recalled Arius.

Constantine the Great, was first an Athanasian, but recanted before he died, and was baptized by an Arian.—Valens was the last Arian Emperor: During the forty one years of Unitarian ascendancy, the Trinitarians enjoyed considerable liberty, and were free from much persecution.

Theodosius, Trinitarian Emperor, successor of Valens, commenced a war of extermination against Unitarians. *Gibbon* says, "In the space of fifteen years *Theodosius* issued no less than fifteen severe edicts, more especially against those who rejected the doctrine of the Trinity; and to deprive them of every hope of escape, he sternly enacted, that if any laws or rescripts, should be alleged in their favour, the judges should consider them as the illegal productions of either fraud or forgery."

Waddington, a Trinitarian, says, "That *Theodosius* addressed the Arians A.D. 383, thus 'I will not permit throughout my dominions any other religion than that which obliges us to worship the Son of God, in unity of essence with the Father and the Holy Ghost, in the adorable Trinity.'"

Waddington, says, "As *Theodosius* persevered inflexibly against the Arians, and his severities were attended by general and lasting success; the doctrine of Arius if not perfectly extirpated, withered from that moment rapidly and irrecoverably." The page of Trinitarian historians testifies, that it was not sound argument, but persecution, which crushed Unitarianism in the early ages.

The doctrine of the Trinity being accepted and enforced by the sword, the dark ages set in: Idolatry, Superstition, various False Doctrines followed; and the most absurd practices and foolish disputations commenced, and will be continued as long as the doctrine of a Triune-Deity is taught in the church.

Nestorius, a bishop, was censured and degraded for denying that Mary was the mother of God.—*St. Ann*, the supposed mother of the Virgin Mary, was called by some "the mother of the mother of God," another party in the church called her God's grandmother, which caused severe contentions in the christian church.

A violent dispute arose in the reign of the emperor Justinian, on the question whether we ought to say "One of the trinity suffered in the flesh," or "One person of the trinity suffered in the flesh." On this pretty puzzle there were four different opinions: one, approving both expressions; a second, condemned both; a third, maintained the first words orthodox; a fourth, the last words. In this squabble the whole church engaged with great zeal.

In A.D. 1351, a dispute arose, in the church about the divinity of the blood which flowed from Christ. The Franciscans denied it; the Dominicans affirmed it. It was referred to the Pope and has gone undecided ever since.

In the present century the doctrine of the Trinity, gives rise to the most foolish contentions and unscriptural church enactments. The Roman Catholic church has just adopted as another article of her creed, "The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin."

Nature, Reason, Scripture, the Simplicity of Worship, the Peace, Purity, and Prosperity of the Christian church, demand the removal of the doctrine of a Triune-Deity from Christian confessions; and the maintenance, in its primitive simplicity, the first of all the commandments, "There is but one God the Father."

A WORD TO THE "ELECT."

BY ANNE BRONTE.

You may rejoice to think *yourselves* secure;
 You may be grateful for the gift Divine;
 That grace unsought which made your
 black hearts pure,
 And fits your earth-born souls in
 heaven to shine.

But, is it sweet to look around, and view
 Thousands excluded from that happiness
 Which they deserved, at least, as much
 as you;
 Their faults not greater, nor their
 virtues less?

And wherefore should you love your God
 the more
 Because to you alone his smiles are given;
 Because he chose to pass the *many* o'er,
 And only bring the favoured *few* to
 heaven?

And wherefore should your hearts more
 grateful prove,
 Because for ALL the Saviour did not die?
 Is yours the God of justice and of love?
 And are your bosoms warm with charity?

Say, does your heart expand to all mankind,
 And would you ever to your neighbour
 do—
 The weak, the strong, the enlightened,
 and the blind—
 As you would have your neighbour do
 to you?

And when you looking on your fellow-men,
 Behold them doomed to endless misery.
 How can you talk of joy and rapture then?
 May God withhold such cruel joy from
 me!

That none deserve eternal bliss I know;
 Unmerited the grace in mercy given;
 But none shall sink to everlasting woe
 That hath not well deserved the wrath
 of Heaven.

And oh! there lives within my heart
 A hope long nursed by me;
 (And should its cheering ray depart,
 How dark my soul would be!)

That, as in Adam all have died,
 In Christ shall all men live;
 And ever round his throne abide,
 Eternal praise to give.

That even the wicked shall at last
 Be fitted for the skies,
 And when their dreadful doom is past
 To life and light arise.

I ask not how remote the day,
 Nor what the sinners' woe,
 Before their dross is purged away,
 Enough for me to know—

That when the cup of wrath is drained,
 The metal purified,
 They'll cling to what they once disdained,
 And live by Him that died.

GOD IS LOVE.

BY S. DENDELSBECK.

THERE is, in every thing we see,
 Around, beneath, above,
 A something, sweet as minstrelsy,
 That tells us—"God is LOVE!"

'Twas Love that built this world of ours
 And set the ocean's bound;
 And Love that plants the tiny flowers
 Which deck the smiling ground.

'Tis Love that sends the warming ray,
 The cool, refreshing shower—
 That bids the soft winged zephyrs play,
 And tints the evening hour.

Love, too, that stirs the earthquake dread!
 And lights the lurid flash;
 That guides the furious storm-king's tread,
 And holds the thunder's crash.

Love gently ruled the fiercest strife
 The world may ever know;
 And crowns the darkest scenes of life
 With Truth's perpetual glow.

Love sent the Saviour from on high—
 The Saviour, "full of grace,"
 To ope the portals of the sky
 And bless our fallen race.

And Love shall reign till EVERY soul
 This glorious light shall see,
 And praise while endless ages roll,
 Through blest eternity!

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